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We make a specialty of handling farms, and would like you to write us whether you want to sell or buy. We make prices and terms so easy that a home is just within the reach of every man. Write at once to

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**\$1.39**

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Our new 112-page catalogue containing Fur, Drapery, Crochery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Lamp, Pictures, Mirrors, Bedding, etc., is yours for the asking. Special compliments just issued are also free. Write to-day.

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**For Mothers!**

The discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided by the use of Wine of Cardui. It gives expectant mothers, it gives to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

**Wine of Cardui**

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui, I had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

**NEW FIRM.**  
**Change of Place.**  
**J. P. WELSH**

Has removed his fresh meat market to the corner of Washington and Jefferson streets (old stand of D. Welsh & Co.) and has consolidated the fresh meat business with the grocery business formerly carried on by D. Welsh & Co.

The style of the new firm will be **Welsh, Deaver & Co.**

Full stock of all kinds of fresh meats. The best quality and greatest variety that can be had.

**SPRING LAMBS, MUTTON, PORK, BEEF, AND VEAL.**

We had spring lambs killed on the 24th of March. That was earlier than ever before in this market.

We make the best SAUSAGE in town—no adulteration in seasoning, no strings in sausage.

Will have a fine lot of cattle first of month bought of G. W. Ellis. They are the best in the county, none excepted.

Will have Dressed Chickens all the year around.

We have from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of Bacon of our own curing, and will have nice lot of Welsh's Canned Hams on the market in a short time.

Don't forget we sell Pure Country Lard, our own make.

Our new rooms are the most convenient and best adapted in town for conducting the meat and grocery business. We have plenty of room and polite employees to wait on our customers. Call and see us.

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**REAL ESTATE**

I will sell privately the following real estate in the Town of Lexington, Virginia, belonging to the estate of Mrs. Susan G. Gold, deceased, to-wit:

1. A House and Lot fronting 75 feet on Washington street and extending back 165 feet to an alley, adjoining the lots of Mrs. J. T. Hill and others. The buildings on this lot consist of a valuable frame dwelling house and kitchen, with 7 rooms, and other out-buildings, in good repair. Both of these properties are eligibly located, and would make desirable homes.

Apply to the undersigned, at Lexington, Va., for price and terms.

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Opens Sept. 8th, 1898. One of the leading Schools for Young Ladies in the South. Magnificent buildings, all modern improvements. Campus ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in Valley of Virginia, famed for health. European and American teachers. Full course. Superior advantages in Art and Music. Students from twenty-five States. For catalogues address the President

**MATTIE P. HARRIS,** Roanoke, Virginia

**CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.**

[Young People's Weekly.]

Topic, September 11: Self-indulgence or Self-denial?—1 Cor. 9: 24-27; Gal. 5: 16-24. (A temperance topic.)

The president of one of the well-known colleges of the country last fall gave a reception to the members of the senior class, which included a large proportion of the players on the foot-ball team. These young men, all of them fine specimens of physical manhood, were present without an exception. But they quietly declined to partake of the tempting refreshments, and at 10 o'clock excused themselves on the ground that the rules under which they were training required them to retire early.

The president, who told me the story, confessed that he received a new idea of the meaning of self-denial for the sake of gaining some desired end.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." There is something noble about that word "mastery." Many people have an idea that when God saves a human being, he takes out of him all taste and desires which may be a source of danger; but the attenuated type of manhood, which would result if such a thing were possible, is far from being the Christian ideal. Not the removal of temptations, but their conquest, makes a soul great. Not the annihilation of certain traits, but their control, constitutes character.

The athlete practices temperance in all things that he may win a certain victory on which he has set his heart, but in his very struggle he is gaining a greater triumph than that for which he strives. Whether one boat outstrips another by a few feet, or not; whether an athletic team meets defeat or success, are after all matters of slight importance. But the power to hold the body in subjection, to subdue the natural desires, to devote one's self to gaining a definite end, no matter what incalculable sacrifices are sacrificed, is a sublime victory.

When a choice is open to us we naturally ask ourselves the question, "Which way is pleasanter?" It is an instinct of human nature to avoid difficulties; in other words, self-indulgence is natural. But when an earnest motive takes possession of us, our question changes its form, and we only ask, what course of action will advance the interest we have at heart? Self-denial is the fruit of some strong motive. Love of wealth or ambition may account for it at times, but we often see it manifested in the lives of Christians, because in their cause the motive is at once the highest and the most powerful which can appeal to the mind.

**NOT A DESIRABLE TENANT.**

Young man—I am to be married in about a month and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats? Janitor—Hm! Did the girl you intend to marry ever have a mother? "A mother? Certainly."

"A grandmother?"

"Of course."

"Hm! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"

"Why, yes."

"And did the daughter have a daughter?"

"Great Sakes! Of course."

"Very sorry, sir, but I can't rent one of these fire flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—New York Weekly.

**SYRUP OF FIGS**

**NEVER-IMITATED QUALITY.**

**THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS** is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Solely for U.S.

## STORY OF THE DAY.

**THE GOLD OF SILENCE.**

More harm has been wrought in this world by the gold of silence than by the silver of speech. Especially is this true of matters of the heart. Farland came to realize it in the end; but as he left the commanding officer and walked in his deliberate way across the hop room where Miss Cameron stood, he was priding himself upon his ability to hold his tongue and, with a wretched sort of vain glory, nursing himself to hold it for seven hours longer.

Miss Cameron was talking to the regimental quartermaster, and when she caught sight of Farland she grew radiant. The regimental quartermaster observed this, and was, of course annoyed. He went away and left her with the lieutenant.

It is the fate of a woman to be forever smiling. Few men have learned to distinguish that eternal smile. Those who have observed this subtlest tragedy of life.

Farland was not one of them. He was too distinctly manly to understand women. He was, therefore, strengthened in his resolve to keep silence when Miss Cameron's expression in no wise changed as he told her that she must excuse him for the next dance.

"I have just seen the colonel, and he has been pleased to inform me that I must leave at reveille."

"For what portion of the globe?" She gazed over his shoulder in apparent absorption in something at the other side of the room. If Farland had been a student of the sex he would have known that this was over-acting. It was one of the many of Miss Cameron's charms that she usually fixed her entire attention upon the person at hand.

"Where are you going?" she repeated.

"To join Blake's command. After that wherever the will of heaven and the craft of the Apache may lead me."

For just one instant her expression changed. But Farland was not acute. "Upon a scout then?" she asked.

"Upon a scout, yes. And as I have to leave before reveille, and as it is now 11 o'clock, there is no time to be lost."

Miss Cameron was smiling again.

"You will not sleep much to-night. Things must be serious."

"They are," he told her.

There was a pause—one of those intervals when the gods benumbed our mental powers that instinct may have fair play. But we defeat their ends. We have trained instinct to lie quiet.

The lieutenant moved uneasily. Miss Cameron, with the delicate, much-sung discernment of woman, thought him restless to be gone. She drew herself up to her full height, determined that she was indifferent and his resolution was enforced.

"You must not let me keep you," she said.

Farland was too well trained to allow his anger and unhappiness to appear in more than an exaggerated unconcern. He took her extended hand. "Shall you be here when I return?" he asked. His resolution was near to breaking. If her tawny eyes had grown ever so little soft, he would have flung his golden wealth of silence to the winds. But her pride was mighty, and it was aroused.

"My visit comes to an end this week," she said.

"We shall probably meet again," he ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders negligently.

"Probably. One can never be sure that one has seen the last of anybody in the army." And then she added, "Good-bye."

She would have been glad to bow her head upon her arms and to have kept her heartache in silence. Instead she gave the dance which was to have been Farland's to a married captain, and succeeded perfectly in her effort to appear to enjoy it.

And Farland went out, morally and boldly, into the night. His was a code of honor—which considers not the woman—that holds that if a man may not ask a woman to marry him then and there, neither may he tell her of his love. He thought he was doing right, and he was not one to rail at fate. A little tempest of temptation had ruffled the deep waters of his conscience for a time. But they were calm again. He remembered with resentment the laughingly poised head, and the placid smile, and the last glimpse he had caught of her through the hop room window—a

yellow gowned figure, swaying to the music in full enjoyment of life.

Well, she would have gone back to Bayard by the time of his return, and one could never be sure one would not forget—after years. He went into barracks and gave his orders.

When the brass mouths of the bugles pealed their reveille welcome to the sun as it shone above the mountains, far across the prairie, Farland and his command were trotting toward Mount Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in the yellow gown, stood at her window with her hands clasped before her, and watched the line of the receding column.

Farland stopped at Bayard two months later. The scout was over, and he was taking his command back to Fort Grant. They were to strike the railroad at Silver City, nine miles away, upon the following day.

He meant to see Miss Cameron. There was no longer a reason for silence. He waited with impatience while the commandant arranged for the disposition of the men. Then he walked with him across the parade. The primrose of the evening were opening, a great, pale flower bursting out here and there in the grass until, even as he went, all the ground was starting with them and the children from the officers' line and the laundresses' row were running, laughing and screaming and calling out, to gather the handfuls of fragile bloom that would be wilted before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the commandant's long, lank body could bestir itself, but there was no such occasion now, and Major Cameron resented Farland's haste.

"I say, Farland," he protested, "slow up. What is your hurry? You will not get dinner before retreat, anyway."

Little the lieutenant reckoned of dinner. But he obliged himself to walk more reasonably. Major Cameron talked of the scout and its outcome. Farland tried to listen and to answer. In his joyful anticipation he forgot that he was a sorry-looking sight to go a-wooing, that his face was burned, his nose peeling and his hair half cut and his clothing ragged and dusty. Self-consciousness was not one of his faults. The major broke off suddenly in the midst of a tirade against Indian agents, those pet aversions of the line.

"I suppose you are about worn out," he said.

"No," said Farland, "not in the least. Why?"

"You appear not to be able to keep your mind upon anything. You have no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mesaleros' last."

"But you have no idea whatever what I said about the Mesaleros."

"I am afraid that's so," Farland admitted.

"And over there at the corral you answered three questions that I hadn't asked."

Farland apologized civilly. But he had seen, through the window, Miss Cameron standing with clasped hands and head thrown back, before the open fire. It was a favorite pose with her, and it recalled so much. The major might as well have addressed his concluding remarks to the flag-staff.

They went into the hall, and the commandant opened the door. "There is Clare," he said; "I believe you know each other. I will go and get Mrs.

Clare."

"That is why," he went on "I did not feel justified in telling you—though you might, I should think, have seen—that I loved you."

She went up to him and put her hand on his shoulder and tried to speak.

"Well, what?" he asked. He was submitting dully to some blow which he saw, in her hardening eyes, was going to fall.

"I"—she was forcing the words from her throat with a harsh, dry sound—"I married Captain Whitcomb three weeks ago because—I did not know."

Farland turned away and drew a chair near to the fire. The movement was quite natural, quite free from any gesture or tragedy. He was too stunned to feel the pain at once. That would come afterward and stay through many years. He sat down in the chair and watched the flaming mesquite root. It was a little hard for him to draw his breath and the pain was beginning now, too.

Clare stood upon the other side of the hearth and looked dully ahead of her. Then she drew her hand slowly across her eyes.

"I must go home," she said.

Farland did not answer her, and she went out and closed the door.—The Argonaut.

**TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM**

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs, made by the California Fig Syrup Co.

General Merritt has started from Manila to appear before the Peace Commission. Aguinaldo has designated Angonillo to accompany him.

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**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L.F.J.Q. on each tablet.

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The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
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Cameron." He went away and closed the door again.

Farland was not demonstrative, but neither was he one to delay in carrying out a resolve. He took the hand that the girl held out to him, and then went to the fireplace and rested his arm upon the mantle and looked at her speculatively.

"I am going to be very rash," he said, "and very precipitate."

She smiled incredulously. "How unlike you!" she said.

"Perhaps; but it is not unlike me to go straight to the point, I think."

She vouchsafed no encouragement. "It is not," was all she answered. She had long since determined that he was an unscrupulous flirt—worse than that, indeed, because he made more pretensions than most men. Now, when she looked into his keen gray eyes, that consoling fiction vanished. She wondered why he did not speak at once of the one thing that might reasonably be expected to be of interest—to herself, at least. But she folded her hands in front of her again and stood very erect.

"When I saw you last in the hop-room at Grant," he said, "I was to all intents and purposes upon half pay. My mother was alive then, and I was supporting her."

She looked at him, puzzled. Why should he tell her this now? While there had yet been time he had been chary enough of his confidences. She looked at him as he stood there before the fire, young and strong, with his pistol belt showing beneath his faded blouse, the kerchief knotted around his neck, the dusty boots with their spurred heels, his face so absurdly sun and wind burned, glowing with blonde redness in the fire-light. While there had yet been time, she checked a inclination to throw out her arms and cry aloud.

"That is why," he went on "I did not feel justified in telling you—though you might, I should think, have seen—that I loved you."

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## It Pays

US TO SELL YOU GOOD GOODS. Why? Because it pays you to buy that kind, and you'll come back and want more "just like" them. It is very pleasant to have people come and ask for an article "just like I got before," and we hear that sort of thing very often.

It is often said about our SHOES. We carry a very large stock of Shoes, and can please almost anybody. We don't mark them \$3.00 when we are going to sell them for \$2.00, or \$1.50 when they are to go at \$1.25. This marked price is the real price. We have learned by experience that a very cheap shoe is dear at any price; so we don't try to keep the lowest priced shoes; but we guarantee to furnish you the best quality at a given price, that that sum of money will buy. Let's indulge in some shoe talk. Take our

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for instance. We buy them direct from the makers, and they claim to put in them only the best of stock. Just so surely as a man wears a pair of these shoes he'll want another pair "just like them." Have you tried them? They are made in a variety of styles, and cost from \$1.50 to \$3.00.

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Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords. Our trade in these has been better this year than last, but owing to the fact that we carried over a big lot from last year, we are heavily stocked up, and are offering some extra values. Some of them are plotted, and we are cutting the price down to correspond. Oxfords, tan and black. 75c. to \$2.50. Lace and Button Boots at \$1.50 per pair, are specially good.

Hamburg Embroideries. We have some of the daintiest, prettiest patterns we have ever had, ranging in price from 2c. to 50c. per yard.

VAL. LACES, at 2c. to 15c., or 20c. to \$1.50 per dozen yards. Tuckings, All-overs, and all manner of White Goods.

FANS. A thousand fans ranging from 10c. to 50c.

KID GLOVES are selling well with us. Centimeter's are the best; don't forget them. Elbow-length White Kid Gloves at \$1.50.

We are determined to maintain the high standard we have set in all our business, and will make good to you anything we sell that does not come up to our recommendation.

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**BUGGY**

AND A GENTLE

**Set of Harness**

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Remember I have not neglected my

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